

# THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL  
AND THE HOME



VOLUME II.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 14, 1912

NUMBER 16



SOME FOXES—LILJEFORS.

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*Yes, the new days come and the old days go,  
And I the while rejoice;  
For now 'tis the rose, and now 'tis the snow,  
And now a sweet bird voice.*

W. BRUNTON.

*So here hath been dawning another blue day:  
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?*

*Out of Eternity this new day was born:  
Into Eternity at night will return.*

*Behold it aforetime no eye ever did:  
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.*

*Here hath been dawning another blue day:  
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?*

THOMAS CARLYLE.

For The Beacon.

## The Twins and the M. F. H.

BY H. BEDFORD-JONES.

Janet dropped down on a big hollow log.  
"Bobby, are you quite sure you know  
how to get home? I wish we hadn't come  
so far into the woods!"

Bobby, who also sat down to rest a moment,  
looked at her contemptuously.

"Huh! Of course I know the way!  
These Long Island woods aren't like 'way  
out West. Why, these woods are all open,  
and you can see all around! Let's rest here  
for a little while, then we'll go home."

Janet looked around hopefully. "Well,  
I'm quite sure I'm lost, Bobby; but, if you  
know where we are, it's all right."

Bobby thumped the log with his feet.

"Hello!" he cried. "Hear that, Janet?"

There was a very slight scuffling noise,  
then silence. Janet looked scared.

"What was it, wild animals?"

"Go on! Don't be a 'fraid cat, sis! No  
wild animals around here." And with this  
Bobby slid off the big log and went to the  
end.

"I believe there's something in here,  
Janet! You go to the other end and make a  
noise."

Janet was fearful, but she obeyed, being  
more afraid of Bobby's jokes than she was  
of the animals. So she went to the other end  
of the log and scuffled her feet, kicked the  
log, and shouted. She was rewarded by a  
cry from Bobby, and looked up in time to  
see him fall over backward, while two or  
three little brown shapes darted off and  
were lost to sight in an instant.

"Oh, what was it?" she cried.

Bobby rose, holding something in his arms.

"I got one!" he shouted triumphantly.

"Look at him, Janet! It's a baby fox!"

Janet ran up, and saw, peeping from  
Bobby's tight-holding hands, a sharp little  
nose and a pair of bright, twinkling beads  
of eyes, with a bundle of reddish fur behind.

"Oh!" she cried in delight. "Isn't he  
dear? Is he really a fox, Bobby?"

"Sure! I saw one Uncle Jim had in a box  
at the farm yesterday!"

The little fox seemed scared, but the twins  
petted it for a long time in great delight,  
and finally Bobby said it was time to get  
home.

"Are you going to take him home?" asked  
Janet, when they were some distance off.

"Of course!" replied Bobby, promptly.

"We'll put him in a little box and train him,  
just like a dog. Isn't he pretty, though?"

They were both so absorbed in the fox  
that they did not pay a great deal of atten-  
tion to their course, and pretty soon Janet  
gave a little cry of alarm.

"Why, there's a brook, Bobby! We  
didn't see any brook on our way here! I  
believe you're lost!"

"So do I," admitted Bobby. "Now don't  
start crying, sis, and we'll come out all right.  
There are lots of farms around here. This  
is the only piece of woods for miles, I heard  
Uncle Jim say, so we're sure to get out pretty  
soon."

Janet repressed her qualms bravely, and  
they turned away from the brook. Bobby  
had no idea of where they were, and so they  
wandered on through the open woods as  
best they could. Suddenly Janet stopped.

"Did you hear that horn?"

Bobby listened. "There it is again! It's  
a long way off, though."

A moment later Bobby gave an exclamation  
of disgust, and Janet a little sob, for



the twins stood in the very glade where they had found the baby fox, and the big hollow tree was right before them!

"What will—mother say!" sobbed Janet. "Uncle Jim—won't know where to—to look for us, either!"

"Oh, cut it out," exclaimed Bobby. "Here, you hold the fox and I'll look around."

The baby fox cheered Janet up somewhat, and she fondled it tenderly, wondering where its mother was. Bobby soon returned, having given up looking for a path for fear of losing his sister, and a moment later they were both startled by a long red shape that darted across the grassy glade.

The baby fox sent up a shrill squeak, and, to their surprise, they saw that the mother fox was standing looking at them without a bit of fear! In fact, Janet seemed to be more afraid herself.

"She's all tired out," said Bobby. "Here, fox! We won't hurt you!"

He put the baby fox on the ground, still holding it, and very slowly the big fox approached, panting and covered with dust. As she did so, a low, deep note came through the woods, and with one spring the big fox reached Janet's side, crowded between her and the log, and lay trembling.

"Sit still—she won't bite!" cried Bobby sharply, as Janet started to move away. "The hunters are after her, and that must be the horn we heard, too! Hurrah, they'll find us!"

At this a new fear came into Janet's eyes. "Look here, Bobby," she said, turning and patting the big, long, dusty head that lay beside her, and putting the baby fox beside its mother, "are they going to hurt the foxes?"

"Going to kill them," replied Bobby, "but"—

"Well, I guess they won't!" cried Janet, indignantly. "Why, this fox isn't a bit afraid of us, and the little fellow is too—why, they couldn't be mean enough to take away its mother!"

"Yes they will," nodded Bobby. "They have dogs, and they cut off the big tail! Here come the dogs now. Look out!"

With a low baying, a rush of brown and white dogs swept down through the trees straight for the hollow log. As they reached the edge of the glade, they paused a moment with low whines, seeing the twins.

"Sit still, Janet," cried Bobby, as he sprang up. "I'll keep 'em off!"

The mother fox lay trembling beneath Janet's hand, and the latter was frightened, too; for she was afraid of the dogs who were coming forward eagerly.

Bobby seized a dead branch that lay on the ground, and, in spite of the fear that he also felt, he charged the pack manfully, with an angry shout. To his surprise and delight they fell back hastily, but next instant a hearty laugh came to his ears.

Looking around, he saw a man in funny little cap and scarlet coat, who had just reined up a big horse, and jumped off.

"Here," cried the man, whose twinkling eyes belied his gruff voice, "what are you doing to my dogs?"

"Keeping them away from Janet and the foxes," replied Bobby, while his sister watched fearfully.

"From the foxes?" repeated the man, puzzled, and then he saw the slim brown head at Janet's side.

"It's cruel to hunt them like that!" cried Janet, forgetting she was lost, and thinking only of the baby fox behind her. "Look at this dear little baby fox!"

The man turned and drove off the dogs with his whip, for at sight of the baby fox they were rushing forward with yelps of eagerness.

"Well, who are you? What are you doing here, interfering with the Hunt Club? Don't you know that these are private grounds?" As the man spoke these words, a number of other riders dashed up to the group and joined him.

"I don't care!" replied Bobby, holding on to his stick. "I'm Bobby, and this is my sister, Janet, and Uncle Jim said we could walk around here all we wanted to. Only we went too far and got lost, and"—

"Uncle Jim who?" interrupted the man. "What's his last name?"

"Uncle Jim Dudley," responded Janet. A shout went up from the group, and the man stepped forward.

"Get back," cried Bobby, "you aren't going to hurt our foxes! Keep your dogs back!"

Another laugh went up. "So you're the twins!" smiled the man. "Uncle Jim was telling us all about you this morning."

"What!" cried Janet eagerly. "You know Uncle Jim! Then you aren't bad men after all, are you? And you'll take us home?"

"Yes, we'll take you home on our horses," replied the man.

"And promise you'll let the foxes go?" put in Bobby quickly.

"Yes, I'm the M. F. H., and I promise that we'll not hurt the foxes a single bit, and we'll take home the baby fox if you want it."

"But we don't," replied Janet, springing up with a last pat on the long head, "cause it might make his mother sorry. I guess you can take us home now, thank you!"

That night Bobby looked across the table at Uncle Jim, and in a curious voice asked him who the Mr. M. F. H. was that had brought them home.

Uncle Jim laughed. "Oh, he's an old friend of mine, but that was not his name," and his eyes twinkled across at Aunt Mary. "He only meant that he was puzzled,—M. F. H. standing for 'Mighty Funny Hunting!'"

And it was a long time before the twins found out what those three letters really meant. When they did, they didn't think that the man who found them was so very nice, after all, even if he did send them a present of a tame little baby fox for their birthday!

### Talk Happiness.

"Talk happiness every chance  
You get—and  
Talk it good and strong!  
Look for it in  
The byways as you grimly  
Pass along;  
Perhaps it is a stranger now  
Whose visit never  
Comes;  
But talk it! Soon you'll find  
That you and happiness  
Are chums."

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,  
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed.  
"One of us here would not be felt,  
One of us here would quickly melt;  
But I'll help you, and you help me,  
And then what a splendid drift there'll be."

*Selected.*

*For The Beacon.*

### Out for Keeps.

BY LILLIAN LORING TROTT.

A cold drizzle was in the air. The tent leaked, and rain trickled down Lindsey's neck. One foot was wet, and the thin summer jacket was ripped at the shoulder. The circus hands were crabbed and tired and damply cold. Lindsey had to jump at everybody's beck, and, when things went wrong, they vented their ill humor by snapping at him instead of at the weather. Every trip he took out into the elements he came back with clammy garments, and the men seemed crosser than ever. The one boy in a crowd of rough men was fag for the whole and the butt of every jeer.

"Here, you, run git them ropes out there, youngone. Git a move on! I'm waitin'," Black Ben yelled at him, and Lindsey's stiff joints took him out into the rain again.

Lindsey had known better days. He thought of them now, as the fall rain struck his unprotected shoulders. The big, warm kitchen, with the mat behind the stove where he used to curl up with Fido, how good it would seem to be back there in the country to-night! But uncle was dead, and, rather than go into a strange home, he had run away with the circus. Now that he felt the misery behind the glitter of the ring, he would have given anything in the world to get away, but he hadn't an idea which way to go or how.

"Look alive there," the big Mexican hallooed at him again. "You dead or asleep?"

Dreadfully Lindsey tugged the coil of hemp, heavy enough for a man to lift, into the partial shelter of the tent. Dora went through into the next tent, glorious and glittering in her spangled dress. But Lindsey and Dora were "out," so he did not look at her.

"You won't need your gewgaws on before night," the ring-master spoke to Dora. "There won't be any street parade in this rain."

Dora lifted the opposite tent-flap, and disappeared from sight. She was very slight, and looked like a fairy in her gauzy trappings. To-night she would wear resplendent wings, and look like a big butterfly when she flew through the burning hoop. It used to be one of Lindsey's performances, this hoop jumping from the back of one galloping pony to another, but they had been for months training Dora for the act, and now she had taken his place, for she was slenderer, more sylph-like, and, in her attractive curls, played the butterfly part better than any sturdy boy, dressed in gossamer skirts and bangles, possibly could. They hadn't wanted to bother with Dora at first, the Burrwig Animal Show, but her widowed mother, the star rider of the company, had been killed by the too antic hoofs of the dancing moose-colt, and Manager Coburn felt honor bound to keep the orphaned daughter in the company and train her to fill her mother's place, if in time she showed sufficient talent. Like Lindsey, Dora hated the ring, but would not shrink from imposed tasks.

"You 'n' Dodo ain't on speaking terms, eh!" Big Ben teased Lindsey, noting that the little folks, once such chums, looked not in each other's directions. "Got a grouch because she stole your skirts?"

A howl of laughter, at the boy's expense, went round the foggy tent. Lindsey had no answer ready. They wouldn't believe him, even though he should tell them how



he loathed the girlish wreaths and ribbons, bows, draperies, that Dora's lithe skill relieved him of. His anger was grounded upon a cause more real than that. That very morning, when everything was mean and cold and damp and horrid, Dora had thrown a kettle of water over him. To be sure, he had ducked her face into it when she stooped to drink from its brim, but the suddenness of his punishment seemed more than the naughtiness deserved. So he and Dora were out, and for good, thought he, with clinched fists.

Twice that day Lindsey changed his shabby little suit and dried its mate by stealth, when the cook was not looking, at her fire. Once she caught him at it, and threw his jacket out into the weather; but somehow the tiresome day, with its back-breaking errands to run and burdens to carry through the rain, came to a close, and the evening's exhibition was about to begin. Seats had been built in this new town, ropes had been tightened between ring and audience, canvas had been patched, the animals fed, actors coached again and again, the sawdust ring well marked out, and the tired clown was preparing his made-to-order smile. To-night Lindsey had no part in the glitter and pomp. He led the trained mules to the ring entrance, watched them count, kneel, play dead, shed tears, and beg, but he watched through a torn slit in the canvas, and stood ready to lead them back and have the trained dogs ready for another hand. The monkeys were mischievous fellows, and, if Lindsey hadn't prevented, would have hidden or wound their tails around each other's necks or pulled his hair or got him into some other difficulty at the crucial moment. The trained goat, too, that was intended to walk in quietly and, standing on two legs, shake hands with his master, had a painful habit of bunting you over when you were not looking. And, when mistakes were made, the men, from the manager to big black Ben, blamed Lindsey for them all.

"You're a blunderbuss, and no mistake," he kept hearing over and over. "If I couldn't do better with my eyes shut!"

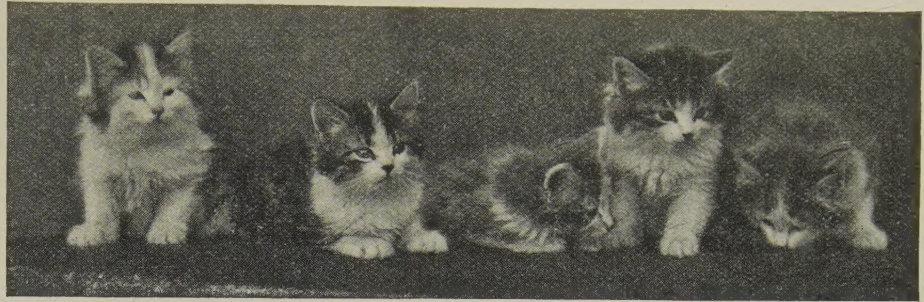
But through it all Lindsey's mind was on Dora's act. He knew the part thoroughly, even knew exactly how many steps she would take while in the sawdust ring, so often had he vaulted to Rhino's bare back, leaped through the gaudy hoop to the bare back of Del Ray, to ride around the ring amid a thunder of applause and go through the hoop again to dash from the ring on the back of his favorite Rhino.

"There ain't enough sawdust on the ring, is there?" the clown whispered to Lindsey, as the boy led out the pony span. "If she should get rattled or lose her balance!"

"It's only so deep," Lindsey measured space with his hands. "There were chunks of ice frozen all through it, but big Ben wouldn't give me time to sift it!"

The starting bell's sharp jangle cut him short. He held wide the tent flap, and stood to one side, out of sight behind the canvas, and let the ponies canter gracefully through alone. Screened from the spectators, Lindsey held his breath, as he always did when the hoop act was on the boards. If Dora should fall!

But no. The sure-footed little girl was thoroughly trained, and her trained will drove her through her part without flinching. Balancing on the toe of one silvered slipper, her gauzy spangled wings outspread, the human butterfly vaulted, rather than



"EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE."

flew, to the cream-white back of Rhino, while Rhino and Del Ray galloped abreast. Around the sawdust ring three times they went, the butterfly balancing first on one dainty toe, then on the other, till opposite the mammoth hoop, bright with crystal and gilt. From some unseen hand a blaze of fire ran around the ornamented hoop,—a signal for Dora to go through it. It was far too wide for her skirts or wings to touch the burning rim. The manager had looked out for that. But Lindsey did not breathe till he saw her safely alight on Del Ray's cream-white back.

The spectators cheered the butterfly to repeat her act. Lindsey knew this would mean for her to spring to the ground and vault anew to the first pony's back. On this side the tent the ponies cantered very near the entrance, where Lindsey crouched, concealed. It was right here that Dora alighted, balancing lightly on the other foot before leaping to the sawdust.

As lightly as though her wings had been real, Dora tripped from the pony's back, Lindsey clutching the canvas with both hands, in his anxiety lest she make a misstep. She was safe on the sawdust. Two steps, and she would spring to the other pony's back.

The trained steed, with lifted hoof, hesitated a second only, to receive his charge. One step, two—! What? Dora was down on one knee. Del Ray's uplifted hoof descended, and Dora curled in a poor little heap under him. Nobody ever could just explain how it happened, but Lindsey's eager, damp shape was thrown along over Dora's bows and bangles, and the pony's hoof crunched down on his upper arm.

"Who is he? What did he do it for? How did she fall? What made him think he could save her?" were questions that came to him when he came to himself in the hospital ward, and the doctor, nurse, and a strange gentleman were bending over him.

"Ice in the sawdust," they said. "Seems her slipper struck it, and she stumbled. Oh, they're both waifs, and he's sort of felt a general protection over her. Why, if you want to adopt him, it'll probably be all right. Nobody claims him."

"If he'll go with me, I'll be glad to take him. Will you be my son?" the stranger asked Lindsey, as the boy's eyes opened. "You are so much like the boy I lost. My children are both in heaven. When I saw you try to save the little girl, it seemed that my boy would have been like that if he had lived. I want you to go home with me."

The light of a great hope filled Lindsey's brown eyes. Then he hesitated. "If you can't take but one of us, take Dora, can't

you?" he begged. "It's too hard for a girl in the circus. I can go back to work when my arm gets well, but it's no place for a girl. Won't you take Dodo?"

The stranger choked. "I had two children," he stammered. "I—I'll take you both."

### The Clever Kittens.

"My cat speaks French," said little Jeanne, "As plainly as can be;  
Says 's'il vous plait' (that's 'if you please'),  
And thanks me with 'merci!'  
I know, because I understand  
Each word she says to me."

"And mine speaks German," with a nod,  
Said Lisa from the Rhine;  
"Says 'bitte' when she wants to drink,  
And 'ja,' of course, and 'nein.'  
I wouldn't have a cat that spoke  
A different tongue from mine!"

"That's thrue for you!" sweet Nora said,  
With merry look demure.  
"Me own shpakes Oirish! When I set  
A saucer on the flure,  
An' ask her would she like some milk,  
The darlint' tells me 'Sure!'"

I met those kittens afterward,  
No matter where nor how;  
I listened well to what they said—  
Would you believe it, now?  
They spoke in English, every one,  
And all they said was "Miaow!"

*Farm and Fireside.*

### How Foolscap came to be.

Every one of us who has ever used foolscap—and that means, no doubt, every one who has been to school—has wondered how it came by its strange name. And now a writer has come to our aid with an explanation:—

The name goes back to the time of King Charles I., who granted many monopolies for government support, and among them was the manufacture of paper. The watermark on the finest paper was always the royal arms of England. A great deal of this paper was used, so much that those who secured the sole right to sell it acquired large fortunes. Parliament at last set this monopoly aside, and, when King Charles I. was brought to the scaffold, it was ordered that the royal arms be taken from the paper, and that a court-fool with his cap and arms be substituted in derision of the executed king. From that day to this paper of that particular size has been called foolscap.—*Interior.*



For The Beacon.

## Big Little Things.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

It was a cold, wet, windy day on the north shore of Lake Erie. My friend Mac and I were camping for the summer at the mouth of a ravine, a mile or so from the little Canadian village of Normandale. Our tent was pitched on a greensward near a cedar grove, a few feet from the lake.

We had been fishing off Turkey Point all day, and were wet and hungry and tired, when we at last pulled our boat out upon the sand, and made for the tent and supper and bed. If you have ever been fishing on the lake all day, you will know just what supper meant to us that night.

Rain had been falling all day, and everything seemed to be soaked through and through. There was hardly a splinter of dry wood in our pile, or to be found anywhere about. But at last we managed to secure enough to make a fire possible, piling it carefully in a tiny cone behind the shelter of the bank of the ravine.

Then we discovered that we had just three matches between us,—three matches between us and a hot supper! It was a pretty slender bridge, was it not? So you may be sure that we were just as careful of them as we could be.

The first one flashed, burned an instant, and then was puffed out by the wind coming down the gully behind the tent. That left us only two! They were just two small chances of the blazing fire that meant comfort and good cheer to us that night.

The second one, which we guarded with our hats, burned safely, and started a little fire in the cone of kindling. But before it had time to kindle a flame the tiny blaze fluttered and went out. That left only one!

Have you ever been cold and wet and hungry, and with one chance of a fire,—one tiny sulphur-headed piece of pine? If you ever have, you will know how my friend and I felt as we looked at each other and at the last remaining match.

We hardly dared to light it. It was too valuable for any risk. Nothing in our whole camp was of more value than it. We shaved the kindling a little finer, and then struck the match. It flamed up as did the others, kindled a little blaze that kept growing larger, until it burst into a strong flame that the wind only fanned into greater heat.

As we sat by the fire that night, when the mist had settled over the lake, and enjoyed the heat of the blaze that devoured the wet logs we flung on, we learned, as we had never learned before, the value of the little thing called a match. That night it had meant to us heat, supper, and pleasure.

The same lesson might be learned of many things besides a match. Everything has its value. There are times when its value is greater than anything else. Those are the times when we should reckon its real worth. It is when things are scarce, and needed, that they are worth most of all.

Have you ever found out how great is the worth of a smile, or a kind word, or a helpful deed? They are only little things, but they are worth so much. A smile on a dark day, a kind word when others are cross or cruel, a helpful deed when others are selfish and mean, are worth more than I could possibly tell you.

Try some time to find out just how big is the value of a little thing. For your word will kindle a flame of cheer and hope just as our last match kindled a blaze by Lake Erie.

## The Spirit of the Master.

In Copenhagen there stands, on the Gothersgade, a large, old-fashioned building, which is worthy of a visit from any stranger who wishes to know the spirit of that brave little northern country, Denmark.

Although it is not named among the notable sights of the city, and is not dedicated to art or genius or heroism, it is, in the opinion of many, one of the noblest and most significant of Danish institutions. The inscription that it bears is this: "Winter Quarters for Old People, Whom Danish Students Cordially Invite to Enter."

Throughout the long winter the old building is full of light and music. On entering, the visitor finds many old people, all of whom, though poorly dressed and evidently acquainted with hard times, are cheerful and happy; for the students do far more than simply supply their guests with warm rooms, comfortable seats, and hot coffee. They give themselves. They sing and play to their aged guests; they give them lectures and talks; they mingle with them and learn to know them. They are hosts in the best sense: they make the aged poor of Copenhagen their honored guests.

By the law of friendship that Jesus Christ came to preach, all social barriers were to disappear. Rich and poor, employer and employed, strong and weak, were to be brothers. That still another barrier—that which unhappily so often exists between youth and age—yields easily to the great law of friendship, the students of Copenhagen are proving. It is doubtful if, in all their university course, these Danish students learn a greater truth than this which they have found out for themselves.

Every nation honors its dead soldiers and heroes: in honoring the aged toilers in the heavy battle with poverty, the students of Copenhagen have shown a clear sense of the values of life, and that is one of the signs of a new age.

The Youth's Companion.

## The Rainbow-maker.

"I'm nothing but a piece of glass," the little prism said,

"But I have learned a secret from the great sun overhead.

I take each shining ray of light that it lets fall on me:

A twist, a bend, and, lo! I send seven colors out, you see!

"I make a rainbow everywhere with all these colors bright,  
And all I need to do it with is just one ray of light;

The barest wall, the plainest room, 'tis all the same to me;

Give me but one good gleam of sun, and rainbows there shall be!

"Of course, at times the clouds and rains may hide the sun a while,  
But then I wait in readiness to catch its earliest smile.

To be a rainbow-maker—oh, 'tis such a happy lot,

I can't see why all do not try to learn it on the spot!"

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA XXVIII.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 10, 9, 14, 12, 19, 8, 13, should begin at home.

My 15, 11, 6, 12, 3, 7, 2, is an angel's name.

My 6, 12, 16, 20, 3, 2, is in South America.

My 10, 12, 5, 15, 19, 7, is an historic house in Cambridge, Mass.

My 2, 19, 6, 7, 12, 8, 13, is our password.

My 18, 3, 4, 1, 17, are shown by dimensions.

My whole is the name of the first president of a college in Massachusetts.

HELEN WILKINSON.

## ENIGMA XXIX.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 2, 10, 5, is a boy's nickname.

My 7, 3, 8, is a carpenter's tool.

My 1, 13, 4, 14, is a cereal.

My 11, 6, 6, is to behold.

My 9, 10, 4, is a vehicle.

My 12, 6, 8, is to stitch.

My whole is the name of a man who writes for this paper.

RUTH E. WEST.

## MAGAZINES.

1. One hundred years.
2. Santa Claus.
3. An ancient minstrel.
4. A public place in Rome.
5. An early New England settler.
6. Veracity.
7. One who sketches.
8. A noted fairy.
9. A large body of water.
10. A dispenser of justice.
11. A prospect.
12. What we all cling to.
13. A citizen of the world.
14. A boy's jack-knife.

## A HIDDEN PROVERB.

It is a thought 'twill comfort bring,

Never a night but led to day,

And through the rains the flow'rets spring,

When but for showers asleep would stay.

We must think of this and the heart will sing,

If it pours at night, 'twill be fair by day.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 14.

ENIGMA XXIV.—Peregrine White.

ENIGMA XXV.—Alfred Tennyson.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Part II. Ayr (air), Cedar, Fair Oaks, George, Bath, Peking (peeking), Sandwich, Orange, Kandy (candy), Sugar Loaf, Olives, Vinegar, Cork, George, Fox, Deer.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—P o P p y

P a S t e

T h Y m e

R e C k s

E t H e l

G l E a m

## THE BEACON.

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